O, the Divell take ſuch cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you: my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scrope*.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: upon my life it will do well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how it doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot.

Hot. He does: he does; weele be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, fare well. No further go in this,
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteal to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we ſhall thrive I truſt.
Hot. Unkle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, Ile be hang'd, *Charles-waine* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts ſaddle, put a few ſtocks in the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as danke here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this houſe is turned upſide down ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow never joyed ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I think this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* road for fleas, I am ſtung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is ne're a King chriſten could be better bit, then I have bin ſince the firſt cock.
2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a jordain, and then we leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a Loach.
1 *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.
2 *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two raſes of ginger, to be delivered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite ſtarved: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as